

## Sooner's Luck

### SOONER'S LUCK

It seems to me the miners In the rush of 49, Would have brought along the welcomes They seemed to leave behind.

For when the rush was over And the dust had cleared away, And the markings of the claim-stakes Had faded into clay,

The Easterners and Southerners Came rushing to the West, And tried to make a living, And do their very best.

But when the fog comes driftin' in, And settles in their yard, They try to make a living, And it seems they try real hard.

But the native son stands swearing, And glaring at his gate, When he sees them going by to get Some helping from the state.

(By "a Migrant" - appears in Indio "Covered Wagon")